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MISCELLANY.

THE QUAKER.

In a beautiful village on the banks of the river Avon, not far distant from Stratford, the birth place of the immortal Shakespeare, there lived a benevolent Quaker, named Steady; he was rich, and his utmost delight was to see the villagers happy. Being a great admirer of learning, he was sorry to see any of his fellow men, however lowly their station, steeped in ignorance; he was therefore at the expense of supporting a free school, at which all the poor children of the neighborhood were educated; and every May-day rewards were given to those who succeeded best in their various studies. Questions were also proposed, and he who was skillful enough to expound these questions received a sum of money as a marriage portion with the girl he loved, provided he had, or was likely to obtain her parents' consent; and it very seldom occurred that any father or mother refused their consent, if good Mr. Steady asked it; he was, in short, the blessing of his tenantry, and every body loved him.

In this village there lived a farmer whose name was Easy, and it seemed as if his name was a part of himself; he was a good natured, quiet man, and so careless in his disposition, that if his corn did but grow, and his hay was long in well, he was as merry as the day was long. If there came an indifferent season, he contented himself with hoping the next would be better. So long as he had a mug of ale, and a nap in the corner after dinner, he cared little how the world went on; whether the nation was rich or poor, at peace or at war; whether times were good or bad, all was the same to farmer Easy. He took every thing in good heart, whilst his wife, Dame Cicely ruled the roast, to whatever she proposed, the farmer replied, "Yes, sure, if thee likest, damie."

Farmer Easy had one daughter called Gillian, a very pretty girl, admired by the whole village. Mr. Steady had often noticed her modest, artless manner, and proposed to her father and mother that she should become his wife; they were both highly delighted at this proposal. Dame Cicely was almost out of her wits with joy, to have her daughter the mistress of the great house, ride in her own coach, and to be herself dressed out in fine clothes; oh, how charming! She looked in the glass to see what colors were the most becoming to her complexion; and determined that her dress on the day of her daughter's wedding should be the gayest that had ever been seen in the village of Maybury; she would wear a pink silk petticoat, and a blue silk gown, with yellow trimmings; scarlet ribbon on her cap, and green bows on her shoes; and she could not help thinking, if she were only twenty years younger, and unmarried, how many sweethearts she could get.

Dame Easy had all the joy to herself, for poor Gillian was wretched; being attached to Lubin, an honest lad, who had been brought up in a neighboring village with his uncle. He had asked the consent of farmer and dame Easy to marry Gillian, who had agreed to it; and he was now gone to the west country to ask his father's consent also; and on his return, the wedding was to take place directly. Gillian could not bear the thoughts of giving up Lubin, who was young and handsome, for old Steady, who was ugly and formal. She did not care for riches; she would rather milk the cows and feed the poultry, with Lubin for her husband, than be the greatest lady of the land without him; but her mother told her she must marry Mr. Steady. Gillian believed that no young woman ever dared to disobey her parents; and she knew her mother would be obeyed, for her father did every thing she bid him, and never said nay. Gillian was taken to live in the great house, was dressed out in nice clothes; had masters to teach her the useful arts, and servants to wait on her; but Gillian was very unhappy; day and night she thought of Lubin, and when alone, was always in tears. She was afraid to tell Mr. Steady that she disliked him and loved another; still hoping Lubin would return and find some way of getting her out of Mr. Steady's hands; and, if she was but once the wife of Lubin, why then it would be her duty to obey him, and no sin to disobey her mother.

Day after day she watched and waited, but Lubin did not return; and her mother began to taunt her, saying, he was unfaithful and had forsaken her; Gillian knew better; she felt assured Lubin was true; she was always trying his truth and in all her trials he was ever constant; when she tied her garters round the bed post, repeated verses nine

times, and went backwards into bed, she was sure to dream of Lubin; or, if she put apple pippins on her cheeks, and gave them names, Lubin was sure to stick close, though all the rest fell off; then, if she pared a turnip and threw the rind over her head, it would be sure to make the letter L; and, therefore, to doubt him was impossible, yet she was very unhappy at the delay. She feared he was either ill, or his father would not consent; but how to get a letter to him was the difficulty: she had money enough (for Mr. Steady gave her a penny) to pay any body well, yet who to trust she could not tell; and if they were to betray her, what could she then do? Mr. Steady would send her home, and her mother perhaps turn her out of doors.

It was a trying situation; she knew not what was to become of her; it was now the 28th of April, and on May-day she was to be married: the wedding clothes were making, but the pretty white silk dress, all trimmed with satin ribbon, so fine and handsome, to her looked very ugly indeed. The mantua-maker was just gone, and she was sitting crying when Floretta came in. Floretta was her waiting maid, a good natured smart girl, who grieved to see her young mistress so continually unhappy; but she feared to own her pity, or try to serve her with Lubin, lest she should offend her master, who had been very kind to her father and mother: yet she thought it very odd so good a man should do such a wicked thing as to force a young creature to marry him against her will: and feeling certain that if it were her case she would certainly run away from him.—She thought too it was better Gillian should run away before her marriage than after; and determined to try some way or other to serve her.

"What do you cry for, Miss Gillian?" said she as she entered the room. "Isn't it enough to make any one cry, Floretta? Am I not going to be married?"

"The thought of going to be married makes most girls laugh and be merry." "Ay, that is when they are going to marry the man they like. Heigh-ho! you have no pity for me Floretta, or you would find out some way to help me." "What fault have you to find with Mr. Steady? he is a very good man." "Oh! yes, I know that; so is a haystack very good; but I don't see why I should be obliged to eat one: why doesn't he marry old nurse Grimshaw? she would suit him better by half than me." "Why don't you tell him?" "So I would if I thought he would not be angry: suppose Floretta, I was to tell him he is very disagreeable, and that I hate the very sight of him; do you think he would let me marry Lubin?" "It would be a curious mode of courting his favor; but I really think something should be done. But what can keep Lubin so long? He ought to have come back two months ago. Suppose we were to get somebody to go to him, and find out if he is faithful, and if he is—" "Oh! my dear, dear Floretta, that is the very thing I have been thinking of; but I did not know who to trust; but what does it matter now? we could not hear in time to prevent me marrying Mr. Steady?" "Why that is true; let me see, I have it; can't you contrive to be taken ill on May-day morning? and then the wedding must be put off, you know." "I don't know; I never was ill but when I had the whoopingcough; but if you'll tell me what to do—" "Why then in the first place you must faint away, and then I'll scream for help, and throw a jug of cold water over you, and rub your temples with hartshorn, and burn feathers under your nose, and roar and bellow, say you are dying, and frighten my poor master out of his seventeen senses."

Gillian was in raptures to find Floretta her friend; and, while the latter left her to seek out some one who could be trusted as a messenger to seek Lubin, she like a bird just let out of a cage, was gaily singing

Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly on its seat;
My cares are all in rapture drown'd,
In every pulse new pleasures beat.

When Mr. Steady came to inquire how she liked her wedding clothes? "I should like them very well," said Gillian, "if I were going to be married to Lubin." "And wherefore, Gillian, shouldst thou prefer Lubin unto me? do I not love thee as much as he does?" "Perhaps you may, sir, but I don't love you!" "And yet thou shouldst love me!" "I don't give thee every thing thou canst wish for? am I not thy friend?" "Yes, indeed! and indeed you are very good to me, and I love you as a father; but I can never love you as a husband, unless—" "Unless what, Gillian?" "Unless Lubin was to grow old and ugly like you, and you become young and handsome like him. Fair maiden thou art

a lover of vanity; yea, verily the pomps and vanities of this world are likely to seduce thee from thy duty; beauty is a mask." "But it is a very pretty mask, sir, and I should like to look on it always." "Lubin will be old as well as me, Gillian, if he live long enough." "Oh, yes, I know that; but then we shall both grow old together, and neither of us can reproach the other." "Well, well, maiden, we will speak of this another time; thou wilt make one in the sports of the green on May-day, and wilt not perhaps at last be sorry that thou art loved by Steady, the aged quaker; good by, sweetheart; good by!" "News, news, ma'am," said Floretta, jumping in, "good news Lubin is arrived; come to my window and you shall see him walking in the church yard, and then we'll consult what is best to be done."

It was indeed true; Lubin was returned. His long delay had been occasioned by the illness and death of his poor old father, who had bequeathed him all his property; and he was now come to fetch Gillian to his native village, where he wished they should live after they were married. He was wearied with his long journey; having walked upwards of a hundred miles; for in those days there were few opportunities of travelling but on foot, except for those who kept carriages, or could afford to hire horses. Lubin's heart danced with joy as he approached the village of Maybury; and he pictured to himself the jovial welcome of the old couple, and the blushing constrained pleasure of his pretty Gillian. He approached the door, and gave a smart rap, which not being answered, he knocked again, and was surprised at being answered by old Cicely from the window, who, pretending not to know him, bade him go about his business, as she was busy. But Lubin not choosing to be answered so; she came outside the door, not giving him an invitation to enter the house. She informed him of Gillian's expected greatness, and told him he might be jogging while his boots were green, for she had not any thing to say to him; he remonstrated, but all to no purpose, the old woman only laughed at him, and bidding him good by, shut the door in his face. Resolved not to be so easily repulsed, he lingered about the cottage in hope of seeing Gillian, and learning from her, whether it was by her own consent she was going to be married to the rich quaker; and while waiting, farmer Easy returned from his cornfields, where he had been directing his labors. Lubin accosted him, but gained little satisfaction. Easy told him it was his wife's wish; and Gillian had settled it all their own way; and he had nothing to do with it, as he never interfered with women's business, they knew best what pleased em; and he advised him to seek for a wife in his own station if life, and think no more upon Gillian; she was not for him, and there was an end.

Poor Lubin, almost distracted, was wandering up and down the churchyard when Floretta spied him, who would fain have spoke to him, but dared not lest her master should see her. She consulted Gillian what was best to be done, and it was resolved to send for Lubin to speak to them at the garden gate in the evening, and the messenger fixed on was Solomon, Mr. Steady's own man a lover of Floretta; at least he wished to be one, and it pleased Floretta, who was a flirt, to amuse herself with his formality and awkwardness. He was tall and thin, and walked so upright, that never by any chance did he see his own toes; full of proverbs and wise sayings; near fifty years of age, and so intolerably ugly, that it was the very essence of vanity which could induce him to suppose for one moment that a young woman of any pretensions would look at him with an eye of kindness. Floretta coaxed him a little: and, though he feared that by bringing Lubin and Gillian to a meeting he should offend his master, yet he could not resist her entreaties; but smiling on her, pressed his folded hand on his breast, and raising himself on his tiptoes, said "If I do this bidding, sweet Floretta, wilt thou kiss me, hey?" "Ah! truly, Mr. Solomon, when you have done my bidding I will." "Thou art skittish, but thou art pretty, and—I—wilt thou give me an earnest of thy ruby lips before I go; it will make me move the nimbler!" "Nay, Mr. Solomon, it is bad to pay beforehand, you must earn your reward before you have it!" "But thou mayest forget; many things fall out between the cup and the lip." "Go, go, Mr. Solomon, go." "An egg to day is better than a chicken to-morrow." "Prithy, good Solomon!" "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Floretta could with difficulty get her precise lover away, who, slowly marching along like a stately gander, met with

Lubin, and bade him come to Gillian at the garden gate by eight o'clock as she had something particular to say to him. "Ah," said Lubin angrily, "to tell me she is obliged to marry in obedience of parents, as if obedience of parents, could break an oath solemnly given; however, you may tell her I'll come." "Verily, friend Lubin," said Solomon drily, "thou dost jump about like a parched pea in a frying pan, and splutter like unto an egg that is roasted; but I shall deliver my message, and so fare thee well." Solomon returned with all expedient haste, and demanded his fee from Floretta, who was compelled to fulfil her promise, however much against her will. "Ah! Floretta," cried the foolish doting, "thy breath is like the new mown hay; and thy lips like unto sugar candy; tell me, when wilt thou name the spousal day?" "Nay, Mr. Solomon, that depends on yourself." "On me, Floretta? nay, thou jeerest me; if it depends on me, no time shall be thrown away; time lost can never be regained, and therefore when my maiden friend Steady shall espouse the maiden Gillian, I will espouse thee!" "Nay, Mr. Solomon, you have much to do, and many things to learn before. I can marry you; in the first place, I never will marry a man whose mouth is full of saws and proverbs." "Mum? a word to the wise! it shall be mended by degrees; word by word great books are written." "This is not the way to mend, Mr. Solomon." "Pardon me, pray thee, give me time; Rome was not built in one day, but it is a long lane that has never a turning." "And do you really love me, Mr. Solomon?" "Do I love thee? ask the wolf if he loveth the lamb; ask the kite if he loveth a chicken; ask the vintner if the wine be good; ask the farmer if the corn is ripe; ask—" "Ask, ask, ask, nonsense! ask your own foolish noddle if you will ever mend." "It is done, thou shalt be obeyed, the sheep heareth the voice of the shepherd, it shall be done; slow and sure, they stumble that run fast; what is bread in the bone—" "Moiety, moiety! will you never have done?" "I have done! the journey that is never begun will never have an end; I will begin straight forward; fare thee well, maiden! I love thee, yes, I love thee! umph! heigho!"

The tender hearted Gillian was uneasy lest Floretta should make poor Solomon unhappy; but Floretta laughed, and told her he was too stupid ever to break his heart for love, so she need not be sorrowful on his account. Lubin, true to his appointment, was first at the garden gate, though in no very good humor; the villagers had irritated his mind, some pitying, some blaming, and some laughing at him; and he would not have come to meet Gillian, only to see how she could look him in the face after using him so ill, but the sight of his dear Gillian in a moment put his boasted anger to flight; and when she told him her dislike to the marriage, and that Floretta and she had laid a scheme to put off the wedding till he could be sent for, he was enraptured.

Floretta told him what he best do, and he promised to undertake it; accordingly on the following morning he waited on Mr. Steady, who had never seen him, he therefore boldly solicited an audience and it was granted.—Lubin apologized for troubling him, but said that as he kindly undertook to redress all wrongs which came within his knowledge, he had made bold to trouble him about a little business of his own, and hoped that he would forgive him. Steady bade him speak freely, and if it was in his power to serve him he would. Lubin then informed him, there was an old man who, because he was rich, was cruel enough to take his sweet-heart from him, and was going to marry her; and that her parents had formerly given their consent for his marriage with her; but now had forgot their promise, and insisted on the young woman marrying the rich old fellow; though they knew it was against her will, and that she never could be happy. Steady told him he was sorry for him, and that his case was a hard one; bade him be on the lawn to-morrow, and inquired if the old man who had injured him would be there; then on Lubin assuring him he would, he gave him a sealed paper, bidding him direct it to the person, and expressing a hope that all would be right.

The morning came, and Gillian was very anxious. Steady spoke of his happiness in making her a bride, and she was terrified lest she should be obliged to marry him at last; but Floretta told her not to fear, for if the worst came to the worst, she could run away with Lubin, and settle all that way.—The dancers were assembled on the green, and every countenance looked gay and happy, save only Lubin and Gillian. Clad in her bridal white, she came leaning on the arm of old Steady, who pressed her hand, and look-

ed at her with a degree of fondness which would have driven Lubin mad, had he not hoped the paper which he held in his hand contained a written order from Mr. Steady, that he should marry the girl he loved, tho' the quaker would be indeed surprised to find that girl was his own sweet heart Gillian.

Mr. Steady took his seat, and gave a question to be expounded; when he who might be fortunate enough to guess it was to receive the premium. They all listened very quietly, while he inquired if any present could tell him—what of all things in the world was the longest and shortest, the swiftest and the slowest, the most precious, the most neglected, and without which nothing could be done.—One said it was the sun, another the earth, a third that it was time. At length Lubin advanced and bowing with great modesty, said, he believed it was time. "Nothing," he said, "can be longer because it will last forever; nothing can go slower when we are absent from those we love, or swifter when one is near them. There is an old saying, that it is as precious as gold, and yet we are always throwing it away; and as a proof, your worship, that nothing can be done without it, if the old gentleman we were talking of yesterday had not the opportunity of my absence, he could not have taken away the damsel I mentioned to you sir." "Thou art an ingenious youth, and hast won the dower. Come hither, Gillian; on this day thou art to become a bride; nay, do not look so grave, for I think thou wilt love thy husband. Lubin, come thou hither, also; thou art surprised, young man, to find I know thee. If I give this maiden to thee, wilt thou promise to love, to cherish, and protect her? If thou wilt promise that, I will give her to thee with an ample dowry; and I think her friends will not refuse their consent to what I require."

Gillian and Lubin, threw themselves at his feet, but their hearts were full to speak. Steady looked at them with pleasure. "My good children," said he, "I have only been making trial of your constancy. I was in the wood last summer when you were seated beneath the old oak, and vowed to love each other for ever; I was desirous of trying the extent of female constancy, and have therefore tempted Gillian with riches and grandeur; but she has not been enticed by the false glare of wealth, and now with joy I reward your faithful love. Receive her, Lubin, from my hands; take her to church, and then let thy sports begin. Nay, do not bow your knee to me, my children; pay your thanks there, where only they are due, to Heaven. I am already rewarded; the pleasure of making others happy is the most supreme happiness this world can bestow, and that happiness is mine." The whole village rejoiced. Lubin and Gillian were married, and lived as happy as contentment, competence and faithful love could make them. They ever blessed the name of good Mr. Steady, and loved and revered him as their friend and benefactor; whilst he ever regarded them as his children, and was much more happy in bestowing the pretty Gillian on the youth she loved, than he could have been in making her his wife without possessing her affections; and he fully proved that the truly wise, the truly virtuous, are blessed themselves in conferring blessings upon others; he endeavored also to impress upon all his lovely friends, that the joys of life are meant for some good and wise purpose, though to us unknown.

LOVE AND DUTY.

"Julia," said Mr. Sanford to his beautiful daughter, as he walked with her in her delightful garden, and enjoyed the fresh morning air, and mused among the charms of nature, "Julia, whom of all others in the world do you love best?" "My father and mother," she answered, "I love them both." "And do you cherish no affection," continued he, "that you would not willingly sacrifice, if they required you to do so?" Julia turned hastily aside—her hand trembled, and a deep blush stole upon her cheek. "I would do as you required," she replied, "even tho' she hesitated and blushed still deeper, and added with a trembling voice—"it broke my heart." "But if you love your parents better than any other, could it break your heart," asked Mr. S., "to relinquish a weaker for the preservation of that stronger attachment?" "Indeed," she replied, "it ought not—I think it ought not—But"—she paused and turned aside.

No one who knew not how carefully the young heart, kindling in its first attachment, hides away its thoughts from others, and nurses all its joys and sorrows in silence and in solitude, could imagine how heavily that brief conversation weighed on Julia's heart; when as soon as an opportunity offered, she sought her chamber, and recalled every word and weighed the import of each with a palpitating heart. She was yet quite young, but unrivalled beauty and a splendid fortune, youth, vivacity and genius, combined to shed around her an attractive glory which drew many already to her shrine. She knew that a wealthy trader too had paid suit to her parents for her hand; and while she felt the powerful claim, her parents had to command her obedience, and believed their judgment to be infinitely superior to her own; yet she felt too, that it was harder for reason to overcome passion—and though she had never trusted the secret even to the desert air, to her own heart she acknowledged, that she loved—deeply, fervently, unchangeably; not whose only wealth was genius, but whose mind was cast in the same mould with her own—and who added to his patrimony, virtue, industry, and love to her.

Mr. Sanford had noticed his daughter's embarrassment, and suspected the cause. He determined to take another step, therefore, towards ascertaining her mind—and seized the first favorable opportunity of mentioning Mr. Nathwell's proposition. This offer was splendid; some thousands a year as a settlement, besides a noble estate secured to her and her heirs independent of herself. But Julia heard it with a sick heart—she had never dissembled to her father—she believed he ought of right to know all; and summoning her utmost courage, she told him all: her heart was Alfred's, but she trusted her de-

by the wisdom of her parents, only rejoicing with tears, again and again, that her heart was Alfred's. She had now unburdened her mind; her conscience spoke peace; she loved her parents, and had given them no pain; she confided in them, and felt a secret pleasure and satisfaction, that in a case so trying, she had been able to confide in them. If she was not perfectly happy; she was not miserable.

But a severe trial awaited her. Mr. Sanford took young Alfred into his employ, and a few weeks after, Julia learned that he was to be sent abroad, on a long voyage; he was invited up to the country place however, to spend a day with the family, before he went; and treated kindly, and suffered to spend the afternoon alone with her. But then he was sent on shipboard; sent away; far away; & she had bid him adieu, forever. Other suitors were dismissed, and Mr. Nathwell, alone paid his visits to the family mansion. Julia tried to reconcile herself to her boding fate; she tried to treat him well, but a cold formality of manner, was visible still. The rich trader saw it, rather than felt it; age on his part had triumphed over the fire of youth; he loved, but loved like a philosopher.

In all this however, Julia saw, or thought she saw, the fixed and final determination of her parents; and with all her efforts to be calm and contented, her affections prayed upon her heart—Alfred still returned in every dream of the imagination: her health declined, and though she grew lovelier day by day, the decline was not invisible to those who looked upon her. Her father found her resignation and obedience, her filial love and confidence, remaining undiminished; but she was not as he wished her: entirely happy. She was cherished like a tender flower; every amusement was spread before her; every pains taken to win her back to her former pursuits and pleasures; but in vain. Her lute was voiceless; her pencil remained untouched; and the flowers in the garden withered, neglected and unseen by her.

At last, after many months, preparations were made at the mansion for a splendid party; a glow of unusual pleasure sat on the brows of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford; the relatives of the family were generally invited; and Julia was summoned from her chamber, and in the afternoon, to meet the assembled guests. She came, and the first face she saw was ALFRED'S!—his eye beaming with joy, and swimming in tears of delight; the shock almost overcame her; but she recovered, when the first surprise was past, and with her hand throbbing in his, was led forward to the circle of select relatives, who had been assembled. Her father and mother received the young couple; and taking them by the hand, informed their friends that they were destined for each other. Then every heart was light, and every countenance joyous. The tea table was spread, and a large pound-cake graced the centre, entwined with this motto—*Filial Obedience and sterling Worth—never go unrewarded.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM EUROPE.

By the ship Olive Branch, from Liverpool papers to Sept. 1, were received. Some account of their contents is given as follows:

The Commercial Chronicle of Sept. 1, says:—"During the last week various reports have prevailed respecting the Administration, and the difficulties which are known to exist respecting the appointment of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A Cabinet Council was held on Tuesday last, immediately after the return of Mr. Huskisson; and it appears Mr. H. on Wednesday morning visited the King, as it is conjectured for the purpose of laying the result of the deliberations of the Council before his Majesty, and taking the final decision of the King thereon. Whatever the result of the business may be, we feel convinced that any change of the Administration, making it less liberal, will be decidedly unpopular with the country. The voice of the community, as far as it has been collected in public meetings, is unanimously in favor of a liberal system; and we sincerely hope that the general wish on this most important subject may not be disappointed."

A variety of rumors were afloat in England, respecting a disunion among the members of the cabinet; the whigs were represented by the Times as being dissatisfied.

The insinuation made against Mr. Herries was that a very close connexion existed between him and Mr. Rothschild. What of that?

A grand encampment of 16,000 troops has been formed at St. Omer, France, with great liberality, military skill and taste, and provided with a Chapel, where religious ceremonies are regularly performed, and the soldiers are punctually conducted. These troops are soon to be reviewed by the King and the Duke of Wellington have been invited to be present.

The French have captured a Swedish ship bound to Algiers, with naval and military stores. These may have been part of the tributary supplies by the government—but perhaps that forms no exception to the right of capture tho' it may cause a dispute between Sweden and Algiers.

The ultra-royal insurgents in Catalonia, Spain, are said to be about 6000 strong, to have established a form of government, and to defy all the forces Ferdinand can send against them.

Dr. O'Meara has attacked Scott's life of Napoleon, in regard to the treatment of Bonaparte at St. Helena.

A writer in the London Courier says 2000 vessels, with 10 men each (20,000) annually from the United States to the Gulf of St. Lawrence on fishing voyages.

In Russia a Princess has become bankrupt for 7 millions of rubles.

Venue letters to the 11th of August, represent the plague as making awful ravages in Syria.—Thousands of the in-

habitants of Aleppo and Damascus have fallen under its baneful influence.

The town of Tokat, in Asia Minor, celebrated for its rich mines of copper, has been almost destroyed by an earthquake.

The six Ojage Indians have dined at the House of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The French always conciliate those they have intercourse with.

Eighteen families, consisting of 116 individuals, from the province of Starkenberg, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, passed through Mayence on the 19th of Aug. on their way to North America. N. E. Palladium.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 31.

MASSACRE AT ANNABONA.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Mathews, of the sch. Princess Victoria, bound to Batavia:—

"I have mentioned the necessity of my going into Annabona.* After calm, foul winds, &c. we managed to get within 25 or 30 miles of the land, by the 26th of May. At dusk the report of a gun was heard from under the land, which proved to be the last act of one of the most savage, barbarous scenes I ever saw or heard of in my life. On anchoring in the small bay, on the north-east end, we found the inhabitants had all fled, leaving a few pigs, sheep, or goats, behind, to guard the miserable huts. Towards noon, two canoes ventured from the lee side of the island. After great caution they came alongside, and related the following, in English, most, indeed all of them, knowing the language. They stated that, a fortnight before, a brig, under Spanish colors, from and belonging to Havana, had anchored for refreshments, supposed to have had about 30 men, indifferently armed. The Capt. requested the Governor to give his crew a house to carry on trade, which was readily granted, taken possession of and barter, for small fowls, pigs, and goats, carried on amicably for two days, when the Spaniards grew impatient for more supplies, which the Natives really had not on the island. On the following day two men were taken on board the brig, and most severely beaten; they are since dead. The Natives now fled to the mountains for safety. On the third day some returned and the kindness of the captain and his crew, for the time, induced all to return to the village. Four of the crew slept on shore, had a good house or hut, and, as they stated, were well used. On Saturday morning trading continued till noon, when the crew rushed on shore, armed, and, without the least cause, reason, or notice, commenced a most heavy fire of musketry upon the poor, harmless, and totally defenceless inhabitants; the consequence of their firing, as you may suppose, was a dreadful massacre. The inhabitants that were fortunate enough, again sought shelter in the mountains, when the unnatural Spaniards plundered the village, set fire to it, and burned it completely down, destroying every article that could be useful."

"I cannot describe the state in which I found these poor beings on going on shore: I saw at least fifty new graves in and around the church, which showed the number that had been committed; and not a family but had lost a member, either dying or dreadfully wounded. I myself dressed the wounds of fifteen. My ship's medicine chest afforded but a scanty supply; however, they were grateful; we cut up shirts, handkerchiefs, &c. for their use. The number of sufferers killed and wounded must have been, at least, 70 or 80; some were burnt with the houses when wounded, and others thrown into the sea by the Spaniards."

"Annabona or Annabon, a small island in the Atlantic, near the coast of Africa, well stocked with cattle, and abounding in fruit; the land lofty; 30 miles in circuit. The inhabitants are chiefly descendants from Portuguese and Christian negroes. It has a town containing about 100 houses. Pop. 500. Lat. 1, 32, S. Lon. 5, 40, E.—Gazetteer, 1817."

N. E. Boundary of the U. States.

FREDERICTON, N. B. Sept. 18. The hostile attitudes and declarations of some persons in the vicinity of the Madawaska settlement (calling themselves American Citizens) seem to be the general subject of conversation; and various reports with regard to their conduct are in circulation.

We have good reason to believe they have acted with violence, and we are inclined to think they will find, ere long, with great indiscretion too. Altho' the question as to the boundary line in that quarter is yet unsettled, the possession of the Madawaska District is admitted, on all hands, to be in the British Government; and we are well persuaded no attempt will be made, either by stratagem or open violence, on the part of the United States, or the neighboring States, to change that possession. If lawless individuals choose to behave disorderly, we trust they will, sooner or later, be taught proper respect for the Laws, by such visitations as will make a lasting impression on their minds.

[It will be unfortunate if there is any trouble—because it has been reported the boundary affair is in a train for amicable settlement.]

Nine British ships of War left Lisbon 21st of July, for the Mediterranean. Other vessels were despatched from England to supply their place in the Tagus.

DOMESTIC.

Loss of the Brig Jew.—The melancholy particulars of the loss of this vessel have been received in a letter from St. Thomas, dated on the 3d inst.

The Jew sailed from the W. End of St. Croix about 8 o'clock, P. M. on the 16th ult. On the afternoon of the 17th the wind had become a violent gale, and the vessel was hove to about 6 o'clock to prevent her running on shore. Almost immediately the foretopmast was blown to ribbons, the foretopgallant-mast carried away, and the main-yard broke in the slings.—A sea struck her, and threw her on her beam-ends, and another carried her completely over. Every soul in the cabin, including Mrs. Donr & child, Miss Margaret Donn, and the cabin-boy, perished. The gentlemen passengers, and the Officers and seamen, who were on deck, got on the vessel's side. In about half an hour she righted, having nothing standing but the fore-mast, and that unstepped. Four of the men, got into the shrouds, and the passengers on the quarter deck. Capt. Lovell was seen in the main chains before the vessel righted; but never was seen afterwards.

The first night was one of the most extreme suffering to the survivors.—They were lashed to parts of the vessel, nearly destitute of clothing, and the sea continually breaking over them.—Several were much bruised.—It pleased a kind Providence, however, to preserve their lives in this dreadful situation. The storm subsided the next day, and all the survivors collected on the quarter deck; but had nothing to eat or drink. Every thing was swept from the vessel's deck. Her mainmast gone, her bowsprit broken off at the stem—her hatches off, and the vessel full of water—the sugar hogsheads broken, and the staves floating out.—The rum puncheons, fortunately, were not stoven, and kept her up.

On the 18th the weather was good; the vessel drifted down the S. side of St. Croix, and the survivors might easily have got on shore, if they had had a small boat.

On the 19th the weather was also fair, and the current had drifted the vessel in sight of Porto Rico. In the evening she was close in shore, not distant, as was judged, more than 4 miles; but the night following she drove farther out, so that on the 20th, in the morning, she was about 6 miles from land—Two of the men now started to swim ashore on the lids of their chests. Their own lives and those of the other survivors appeared to depend on their success. At length two boats came from the shore to the wreck, and took off those who had remained on it, and landed them at a small port, about 3 miles from Patillas, on the S. W. side of Porto Rico—where they were treated with the utmost kindness by the Spaniards, and every thing they had was freely offered for their comfort.

The next day they were taken to Patillas, by the Captain of the Port, who allotted them a house, and supplied them abundantly. They rested there till the next day, and then embarked, and after a tedious passage arrived at St. Thomas on the 30th.

The hospitable Spaniards gave to the sufferers clothing and food, and would accept of no compensation, though it was offered them. Bost. Pal.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Philadelphia Gazette contains extracts from a letter dated "Sweet-Water Lake, July 8th, 1827," addressed to a gentleman in Philadelphia, in which the writer says:—

"Mr. Smith, one of our traders, arrived a few days since, in forty days from the Gulf of California. He has explored the country south of this. He informs us, that he was on board of two merchant vessels from Boston—the ship Courier, Capt. Cunningham, and sch. the name of whose master is not recollected. Capt. C. was taking in a cargo of hides and tallow. Mr. Smith had been given up for lost. His sufferings were extreme, owing to the vast sandy deserts, lying between this place and the Gulf." [Spy.]

The same letter gives a price current of various articles in the region of the Rocky Mountains.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Smith.

SWEET LAKE, July 8, 1827.

The Luchadee, or California Stinking fork, Yellow Stone South fork of Masvri, and Henry's fork—all those head at one angular point; that of the Yellow Stone has a large fresh water lake near its head on the very top of the mountain, which is about one hundred by forty miles in diameter, and as clear as crystal. On the South border of this Lake are a number of hot and boiling springs, some of water; and others of most beautiful fine clay, resembling a mush pot, and throwing particles to the immense height of from twenty to thirty feet. The clay is of a white, and of a pink color, and the water appears fathomless as it appears to be entirely hollow underneath.—There is also a number of places where pure sulphur is sent forth in abundance. One of our men visited one of these whilst taking his recreation—there at an instant the earth began a tremendous trembling, and he with difficulty made his escape, when an explosion took place resembling that of thunder. During our stay in that quarter

I heard it every day. A few days previous to my arrival at this place, a party of 120 Black-feet approached the camp and killed a Snake-Indian and his squaw. The alarm was immediately given, and the Snakes, Utaus and whites sallied forth for battle—the enemy fled to the mountain to a small concavity thickly grown with small timber surrounded by open ground. In this engagement the squaws were busily engaged in throwing up batteries and dragging off the dead. There were only six whites engaged in this battle, who immediately advanced within pistol shot, and you may be assured that almost every shot counted one. The loss of the Snakes was three killed and the same number wounded; that of the whites, one wounded, and two narrowly made their escape; that of the Utaus was none, though they gained great applause for their bravery. The loss of the enemy is not known—six were found dead on the ground; a great number besides were carried off on horses. Tomorrow I depart for the west.

GREENSBURG (Pen.) Sept. 21.

FRUIT.—At no time, within the recollection of the oldest of us, has there been such superabundant crops of apples, pears, peaches, plums, &c. &c. We were astonished to see the quantity of peaches a single tree contained; and still more so to see between 60 and 70 bushels of pears upon a single tree.—There is scarcely a sound peach tree left in the whole country, the unusual weight of fruit having broken them to pieces. Many apple orchards are very much injured from the quantity of fruit upon the trees. Cider is now selling at 50 cts. per barrel.

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 28.

ROBBERIES.—We understand the millinery shop of Mrs. Kempton, at the north part of this town was forcibly entered, a few nights since, and goods to a considerable amount stolen therefrom. On Tuesday night, a store on Rotch's wharf, occupied by Mr. John Cogeshall, was broken open, and a barrel of flour, taken. The frequency, of late, of such depredations, calls loudly for measures to effect their suppression.

CONCORD, Mass. Sept. 29.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Moses Hayward, of Acton, was shot, and mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun. The circumstances were these. His eldest son, a young man about 18 years old, was in the house examining a fowling-piece which he supposed not loaded. Mr. Hayward was standing out of doors, nearly three rods from him, with his side partly turned towards him, and probably did not observe what his son was doing. The young man wished to try the lock, and for this purpose snapped it, without taking a proper precaution to aim the gun up. The muzzle pointed at his father, went off, and lodged a full charge in the left breast of the unfortunate victim. Surgical aid was promptly obtained, but the wound was too deep to be remedied. Mr. Hayward lived about 11 hours, and then died, in great agony. He left 8 children, all minors, to lament his loss, and to learn a melancholy lesson from his untimely fate.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

By the official report made to Lord Cornwallis, when the British army were in possession of the City, Sept. 14, 1777, there were only 5985 houses and 23,734 inhabitants. For three successive years, the writer of this had an enumeration taken of the number of new houses built in each year. There were in 1802, erected, 464 houses—in 1803, 385 houses—in 1804, 273 houses—again in 1809, an account was taken, and there were erected in that year 1295 buildings, including stores—the total number of buildings was 22,769, and of inhabitants 100,000, by actual enumeration. From the above data for each year, it is reasonable to conclude that in the last 18 years, from 1809 to 1827, the new buildings have averaged 700 in each year—12,600 added to 22,769, would make the present number of buildings 35,369, and the probable number of inhabitants 176,845.

The new buildings erected in 1827, appear, from general observations, to exceed in number those of any former year.

Melancholy Circumstance.—Mr. Drochner, who resides near the Mountain, after having been absent for the last nine months in France, arrived a short time ago at N. York on his way hither.—A letter from him, dated at N. York, reached Madame Drochner, on Wednesday evening last, informing her that he would be home in two days. This happy intelligence had such an effect upon her spirits that her very joy threw her into a fit, from which she never recovered. On Thursday, a friend of the family, on coming to town, met Mr. Drochner going home to surprise his family by his unexpected appearance. The gentleman informed him that his wife was very ill—and when he arrived at his home he found her speechless—shortly afterwards she died.

Montreal Paper.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. A letter has been received in Philadelphia from an officer of the U. S. ship Hornet, part of which, relating to an occurrence not yet publicly known, he

wishes to have inserted in one of our papers, with a view to prevent any false or exaggerated account going before the public.

To understand the case fully, it must be recollected, that a few months since the British ship James Mitchell, which had been wrecked on the Padre del Cruz, was got off by the Hornet and John Adams, and taken into Key West; that the officers and crews of the two vessels claimed salvage, and that their libel, to the surprise of every one, was dismissed with costs, &c. The officer alluded to, as agent for the claimants, left the Hornet, with Midshipman Hunt and a few sailors, to superintend the affair, and went several times from Key West to St. Augustine, where the court sat; it was during one of these absences the occurrences took place. It appears from his statement that—

"The captain of the James Mitchell is a confirmed drunkard, a most ignorant man, and very quarrelsome and abusive when in liquor. Midshipman Hunt had a quarrel with him during my absence the first time, in consequence of the abusive language used towards him by the captain (J. Robinson.) On my arrival here (Key West) he speedily became intoxicated, and after abusing me, and making use of such language as it is not proper or decent to repeat, he attacked the men, and after calling them Yankee pirates, &c. he presented a loaded pistol to the breast of a boatswain's mate of mine, and threatened to blow his brains out. My man unfortunately, was as intoxicated as the captain, and having a pistol in his pocket, loaded but not primed, he managed to get away until he primed, when he shot him in both legs, and the captain now lies dangerously, if not mortally wounded. This took place at half past 10 at night. I was asleep at my lodgings, and the boatswain's mate was on shore, contrary to my orders, which were explicit to all, never to remain on shore after sundown. I was called immediately, had him put in double irons and conveyed on board the Revenue Cutter, where he awaits his trial for attempt to murder, as soon as I can see Capt. Claxton, or Com. Ridgely, neither of whom are here. I am at present the commanding officer of the navy on the island."

The officer further states, that the inhabitants have given him letters confirming the above, &c.

We understand that the late rains have damaged the Blackstone Canal, now in the course of excavation, to the amount of 30 or 40,000 dollars. It was filled full of water, in some places for miles together, and in other places the bankments were washed away.

Newburyport H.

A single mercantile house, on Long wharf, has sold, since the first of January last, thirty-seven thousand barrels of Genesee Flour. Another house has paid, since the first of April, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for American wool, purchased of farmers and wool-growers belonging to the New England states and N. York, and sold out again to the Manufacturers of New England.

Boston Traveller.

MANUFACTURERS OF FLANNEL.—On the Powow (a branch of the Merrimack) 3 miles above Newburyport, Mass. are two flannel factories which together employ 200 hands, manufacture weekly 300 pieces of flannel, and pay yearly \$66,000 for labor. A new building is erecting to contain 10,000 spindles and manufacture 400 pieces of flannel weekly.

There appears to be no want of candidates in the 8th congressional district of Ohio—four or five having already laid their claims before the public.—One of these gentlemen, (Mr. James Kilbourn, of Columbus,) thinks himself entitled to the office of member of Congress for "having first presented, for public consideration, the expediency of the General Government furnishing every laboring man out of the public domains, a farm for his support, if he would become a settler thereon; and which project has a reasonable prospect of success."

When the English and French were disputing as to their respective rights to certain territories in America, Voltaire happily remarked that they were quite agreed upon only one point, viz: that the real owners (the natives) had no right at all to the lands in question.

Much excellent iron ore is found in the counties of South Carolina, bordering on North Carolina. Several furnaces have been erected, and hollow ware of a very substantial, if not of a very neat quality is made.

At Philadelphia 24 journeymen tailors have been charged with a conspiracy against their employers, Robb and Winebrenner, and convicted of conspiring to seduce men from their service—but found not guilty of conspiring to raise their own wages, or to compel R. & W. to re-employ certain persons.

At Columbus, Ohio, lately, a man by the name of Saul, and two of his sons, perished by the bad air in a new well which they had dug to the depth of only 20 feet. One son perished first, when the other son and the father, going to relieve him, also perished. The spectators endeavored to persuade the father not uselessly to hazard his life, but his feelings could not be restrained.

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Boston Traveller.
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The Gore Gazette, published at An-
caster, U. C. states several instances,
within two months, of considerable sums
of money sent in the mail from that
quarter directed to Montreal, having
been lost.

15,000 yards of Cotton Cloth are
wove daily at Lowell.—Boston Pal.

A silver mine is said, in the Montreal
papers, to have been privately working
in Upper Canada, for two years past, by
four men, three of whom are yankees,
and the other English. The profits are
supposed to be very great;—and a quar-
rel among the parties on the division of
the spoil has disclosed the secret, and
information having been given to the
government, "the King will, have his
own" in the case.

There is an unusual quantity of busi-
ness before the S. J. Court, now in ses-
sion in this town. The Grand Jury was
not discharged till Thursday evening of
last week, after finding a number of im-
portant bills. The following convictions
and sentences have taken place, besides
some others not of a felonious nature.
The criminal docket is still unfinished,
though the fidelity and despatch of the
public officer have been unceasing.

McDonald, an Irishman, about 19
years of age, was convicted of a felon-
ous assault with intent to kill, commit-
ted on board a vessel off George's Isl-
and.—Sentence 15 years hard labor in
the State Prison.

Matthew Lodum, a black man convict-
ed of breaking open the store of Mr.
Wells in Thomaston, and stealing there-
from, was sentenced to 2 years in the
State Prison.

Cunningham of Jefferson, formerly a
tenant of the State Prison, has leave to
spend 7 years more in the service of
the State, for the crime of Forgery.

Thomas Read, Esq. of Bowdoinham,
against whom we understand several
bills were found for forgery of a high-
handed nature, was yesterday found
guilty on the first indictment, after a
long and laborious investigation, and
the able arguments of the Attorney Gen-
eral, in behalf of the State, and of Mr.
Allen counsel for the accused.

Wiscasset Intelligencer.

COLONIAL TRADE.

An opinion has been circulated, says
the National Journal, that the death of
Mr. Canning may remove some of the
impediments which stood in the way of
a commercial intercourse between this
country and the Colonies of Great Brit-
tain. It is generally understood that
the disposition of Lord Goderich, the
new Premier, is more favorable to the
United States than was that of his pre-
decessor; and the suggestion has been
thrown out that this would be a favor-
able moment to press the question upon
the consideration of the British Govern-
ment. We have an able and a vigilant
minister at the Court of St. James; one
who to great experience, and an ample
knowledge of the interests of our coun-
try, unites a competent acquaintance
with the precise sentiments of the pres-
ent Administration. We cannot doubt
that he will avail himself of every prop-
er occasion to promote the principal
objects of his mission; nor can it admit
of a question that his instructions direct
him to omit no opportunity which offers,
to revive the subject, and to press it on
the consideration of the English Cabinet.

The ministerial editors in London as-
cribe the dissolution of Mr. Canning to
the effect of slander on his sensibility;
some of the physicians to erroneous med-
ical treatment; a London morning pa-
per, to his having slept on the grass dur-
ing one evening of his residence at Chis-
wick, &c.—Boston Palladium.

HERRING SHOWER IN SCOTLAND.—A sin-
gular phenomenon occurred at Montrose
one night last week, being nothing less
than a large shower of herring fry, which
fell upon part of the nursery ground at
the north end of the town. The sur-
prise which filled the minds of the peo-
ple in that quarter, in the morning, on
seeing nearly an acre of the fields, with
the vegetables, &c. covered with the
scaly fry, abtains of the deep, may easily
be supposed. The only way of ac-
counting for this strange occurrence is,
that the fry had been conveyed thither
by a water spout from the Atlantic
Ocean.

In felling a huge Hemlock Tree in
Hope, N. Y. it was discovered that it
had been wounded by some sharp in-
strument, when it was only six inches
in diameter. On counting the marks of
annual growth, it was estimated to be
218 years since the wound was inflicted.

The New-York Daily Advertiser, in
speaking of the mania of steam boat
passengers, to make the trip between
that city and Albany a few minutes quick-
er than any others have done, thus ex-
emplifies the passion which some men
have to hurry. An old gentleman in
New-England, conveyed a just idea of
the character of those who were fond
of travelling at such a wondrous rate,
when he said he believed "his son John,
if he was riding on a streak of light-
ning would whip it."

The chair placed in the Speaker's
desk, in the Pennsylvania Capitol, was
brought to Philadelphia, from England,
by William Penn, and was occupied by
John Hancock, as president of the con-
stitutional Congress.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY;
THURSDAY, MORNING, OCT. 11, 1827.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.—On Monday last,
the Regiment of Militia commanded by Col.
Samuel H. King, paraded for inspection and
review. The day was fine, and the troops
appeared to advantage. The Governor with
the Adjutant General and Colonel Williams
were present, and after witnessing several
evolutions which were performed with a good
degree of military skill, in which was dis-
played not only the knowledge which the
different officers possessed of military tactics,
but also the discipline and understanding of
the soldiers, the Governor delivered an ad-
dress to the officers and soldiers—in which
he portrayed their several duties in that style
of eloquence which is so peculiar with him.

The Supreme Judicial Court at Al-
fred adjourned on Saturday last, after a
fortnight's session, to the second Tues-
day in November next. The quantity
of civil and criminal business on the
docket was unusually great, about one
half only of which was we understand,
completed.

Joseph Thompson was convicted of
cruelly and maliciously wounding the
horse of William Greene, by driving a
clapboard nail up into the horse's hoof
near the frog—and sentenced to suffer
four months imprisonment in the com-
mon gaol and to pay a fine of ten dol-
lars and costs of prosecution.

David Burnham was convicted of pri-
vately stealing a pocket book and contents
from the pocket of Wm. Sweat, and was
sentenced to imprisonment in the State's
prison for the term of 18 months. This
case, we are told, disclosed a most dis-
tressing scene of drunkenness and de-
pravity.

David Wilson was tried on an indict-
ment for adultery, and acquitted, from
doubts being thrown over the testimony
against him.

David Berry was tried on an indict-
ment for larceny, and acquitted for want
of satisfactorily identifying the stolen
articles.

William Mann and Reuben Foster were
tried for larceny, and acquitted for want
of evidence of participation in the crime
of their associate Wm. Young.

William Young was convicted of lar-
ceny from a dwelling house, and sen-
tenced to 18 months imprisonment in
the State's prison.

Charles Seavey was convicted of adul-
tery, and sentenced to two years impris-
onment in the State's prison.

Jere Roberts was tried on an indictment
for cruelly and maliciously wounding a
colt, the property of Jacob Wakefield,
and acquitted.

Matthew Morison was tried on an in-
dictment for an assault on Peggy Stone,
with an intent to commit a rape, and
convicted, and sentenced to be impris-
oned in the State's prison for six years.

Lydia Dorr was brought before the
Court on the complaints of Jacob Emery,
Esq. alleging her threats against him
and his fears that she would destroy
himself and family. We are told a
most farcical scene ensued between Ly-
dia and the "squire, who, in the course
of the examination, gave the most un-
equivocal evidence that his fears were real
and not imaginary. The investigation
terminated in the Court's requiring Ly-
dia to give bonds for her good behaviour,
and in the mean time committing her to
the custody of the Sheriff.

Prior to Morison being put to plead
to the indictment on which he was con-
victed, he was arraigned and tried on
an indictment for a Rape on Peggy
Stone. The trial came on before Chief
Justice Mellen and Justice Preble, on
Thursday last. The evidence was sum-
med up by the Chief Justice, and the
jury, after being absent about half an
hour, returned into Court with a ver-
dict of not guilty. Peggy Stone now about
22 years of age, is the daughter of a
widow woman, and lives out at service
with Mrs. Linscot. On the afternoon of
the 2d of April last, about 2 o'clock, she
was sent by Mrs. L. to Smith's store to
purchase an article for Mrs. L. She was
gone so long that Mrs. L. began to won-
der what could be the occasion of her
absence, as she had before always re-
turned seasonably. At length, about an
hour and a half by sun, Peggy returned;
her hair, which was done up trig and tidy
when she went away, now being down
and dishevelled, full of sticks and leaves;
her gown very muddy, wet and torn;
her petticoat, chemise and stays muddy
and torn, and her flesh also muddy. Up-
on inquiry, Peggy told Mrs. L. her story
and detailed the brutal outrage she had
endured. She purchased the article at
the store and set out for home. When
about a mile on her way, she was over-
taken in the woods through which the
road led, by Morison. He seized her
and threw her upon the ground, close
by the travelled path in the highway.
She struggled and called for help, but
no help came; for she was at a distance
of more than half a mile from any
dwelling. She threw herself on her
face and holding on by the shrubs and
bushes near her, maintained the un-
equal contest for what appeared to her
an hour.

At length her exhausted strength
would no longer serve her, and she was

overcome. After this, Peggy was no
longer brisk and lively about the house.
She complained of soreness in her back
and limbs—was unable when lying down
to get up without first turning on her
side—would sigh heavily as in distress,
when fast asleep; and without knowing
wherefore it was so, the neighbors no-
ticed that Peggy was an altered girl.

We have combined the substance of
the evidence on the part of the state in
both trials.—It is but justice to the very
intelligent jury, who tried Morison for
the capital offence to say, that the evi-
dence was more full on the latter trial
than it was on the former.

The Hon. Albion K. Parris, Senator
to Congress from Maine and late Gov-
ernor of the same State, visited Saint
Andrews on Wednesday last. We were
gratified with the frank and friendly ex-
pressions of his good wishes for the pros-
perity of the country on both sides of
the lines, and of his assurance that he
would do all in his power as a member
of the Legislature, to promote and per-
petuate the good understanding which
has always so happily prevailed between
the numerous inhabitants residing on
the boundaries of two powerful nations.
Mr. P.'s deportment fully confirmed the
high opinion which was always enter-
tained here of his moderation and phi-
lanthropic intentions.—St. Andrews Her-
ald.

BIRD.

At Sullivan, (Me.) Hon. Paul Dudley Sar-
gent, aged 83. This another Revolutionary
Patriot is cut off. Judge Sargent command-
ed a Regiment, part of the war of the Revolu-
tion; but it was a State battalion we think,
and not continental.—He was afterwards for
many years a Justice of the Court of Pleas
for Hancock County.

In Salem, on the 8th inst. Moses Hovey,
Esq. a respectable citizen of East-Machias,
aged 54.

At Cabin Point, Surry County, (Va.) Aug.
26, Thomas Hubbard, M. D. son of Dr. John
Hubbard, of Kennebec County, (Me.) and
for the last nine years a resident in Virginia.

NOTICE.

MONEY WANTED
BY the subscriber; for which he is under-
debted to him, by note or account, to make
immediate payment, otherwise their notes &
accounts will be left with an Attorney for
collection, without distinction, excepting ar-
rangements made to the contrary—he being
called on for large sums, he cannot avoid the
collection as above.

JONATHAN SWIFT.
Norway, Sept. 1, 1827. 6w * 167

GRAVE STONES.

JOSEPH THOMPSON
WOULD inform the inhabitants of Nor-
way and vicinity, that he will execute
GRAVE STONES of all sizes, in a neat man-
ner, in a handsome and superior style of
workmanship, and at prices lower than at
Portland. Orders left with ASA BARTON,
Esq. who will give the necessary information,
will be attended to.

Hartford, Aug. 31, 1827. 6w 166

To the Hon. Senate and House of Repre-
sentatives of the State of Maine in Leg-
islature to be assembled at Portland on
the first Wednesday of January, A. D.
1828.

YOUR Petitioners, Inhabitants of the town
of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford,
beg leave respectfully to represent, that it
would be for the interest and convenience
of said town, that the part of said town lying
west of the dividing line between Lots Num-
bers sixteen and seventeen, in said town should
be set off from said town of Dixfield, and
annexed to the town of Mexico; and we there-
fore pray the Hon. Legislature to pass an
act effecting that object. And as in
duty bound would ever pray.

JAMES M. WILLIAMS, & 19 others.
Dixfield, September 14th, 1827. 170

TWENTY DOLLARS

REWARD!!

BROKE from the Jail in Wiscasset, on the
night of the 16th inst.

DAVID ROLFE.

He is 20 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high,
dark complexion, wore a short snuff colored
coat. Whoever will apprehend said ROLFE
and bring him to the Jail, shall receive the
above reward and all expenses paid.

SAMUEL SEVEY, Jailor.
Wiscasset, Sept. 27, 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford
Bookstore, at fifty per cent. discount,

THE DEVIL

ON TWO STICKS.

Translated from the Diable Boiteux of M.
Le Sage to which are prefixed Asmodeus's
Crutches. A critical letter upon the work;
and dialogues between two chimney-sweeps of Mad-
rid. Oct. 11.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford
Bookstore, at fifty per cent. discount,

PULPIT ASSISTANT;

Containing three hundred outlines, or skele-
tons of sermons: chiefly extracted from
various authors, with an essay on the com-
position of a sermon. Oct. 11.

ASA BARTON, AGENT,

HAS just received and for sale a new
supply of goods, making the assort-
ment usually kept by him very complete,
which will be sold at low prices for cash.
Norway Village, Oct. 10.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the

Post-Office at Norway, Oct. 1, 1827.

Moses Ayer—Moses Gould—Sophia Gal-
lison—Asa Hicks—Paul Lombard—Bet-
sey Mills—Alexander Mills—Benjamin Pea-
body—William Parsons, Jr.—Dorothy Seavey
—Dresser Stevens—Carel Upton—John Vagg.
ASA BARTON, J. P. M.

GREAT STOCK OF FALL GOODS!!!

G. C. LYFORD,

NO. 6, BOYD'S BUILDINGS, MIDDLE-STREET,

HAS just received a very large assortment of Fresh, Imported and Domes-
tic Dry GOODS, purchased at low and will be sold as cheap as at any oth-
er store in the State. The following GOODS are part of his Stock, viz:

Black Figured and Plain Bombazetts—Plain
Colored and Figured do.—Figured Salisbury
Flannels—Rattinets—Caroline Plaids and
Stripes—Red, Green, Yellow, and White
Flannels—Green Bookings—Tartan, Norwich
and real Scotch Plaids—Real Goat's hair, im-
itation Goat's hair and common Cambrics—
colored Surges for Cloak Linings—Black,
Blue and Brown Hair Plushes—Black,
Brocade, English Crape and Valencia Red &
White Shawls—Bord' Case' Shawls—Red &
White Raw Silk and Valencia Mantles—Fine
assortment of broad Black London Bomba-
zines—Narrow Bombazines and Norwich
Crapes for Mantles—300 pieces Dark and
Light Calicoes from 1 to 2-6—50 pieces Cop-
perplates and Farnitures—black and white
Silk, and Black and Slate Worsted Hose for
Ladies—Gentlemen's long and short Black
and Mix'd Worsteds—Gentlemen's real
Buckskin, Norway Doe and Beaver Gloves—
Ladies' black and white Silk, Paris Kid, com-
mon Kid, Beaver, wash Leather, Hareskin,
Fleecy lined and Fur lined Gloves—Double
chain black Levantines—elegant striped Lev-
antines—black Synchron, Sarsnets, Taffetas
and Florence Silks—black and colored stout
Gros de Naples Silks—figured, shaded and
plaided Gros de Naples—Pink, Blue, White
and Straw Florences—black and colored
Canton Crapes—black, brown and slate Pan-
gees—elegant figured Silk—Barage & Gauze

A much larger assortment of Cloths and
Cassimeres than he has ever had before, almost
all new and fresh, and the greater part purchased entirely at Auction within the last fort-
night, and will be sold BARGAINS! The cloths consists of Blue, Mixt, Olive, Brown, Ladies'
Habit Cloths—Blue and Colored Pelisse Cloths—Blue, Black, Olive, Brown and Mixt, Fine,
Superfine and Extra Super BROADCLOTHS—Black, Blue, and Fancy Colored Cas-
simeres—LUXURIOUS, Elegant London Vestings—Tartanets, Valencia, Swansdown, Black
Silk and black Velvet Vestings.

G. C. LYFORD

Will also receive in the course of a week, ONE CASE more of first
quality LADIES LEHORN BOLIVAR HATS—very cheap!!
Portland, October 5, 1827. 8w 171

WOOL FLANNELS.

WANTED by the subscriber a large quantity of COUNTRY FLANNELS (in the
raw state) Fulled and Pressed Cloths, for which Goods will be given in exchange,
at the lowest prices.

HENRY POOR.

FRESH FALL GOODS

(AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.)

HENRY POOR,

NO. 3, UNION ROW, MIDDLE-STREET, PORTLAND.

HAS just received for sale, a Choice and extensive Stock of Silk, Linnen, Cotton and
Woolen GOODS, consisting in part of Prints, Patches, Levantines; Gros de Naples,
colored, slate, brown, &c.; Grecian Stripes and Dresses, a beautiful and new article;
Caspian Stripes, an elegant article for Dresses; Crapes, Striped and Plaid Silks, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Blues, Blacks, Olives, Drab, Claret, Oxford, Steel, Haresback and French Mixt

Broadcloths & Cassimeres,

Embracing a great variety of Colors and Qualities, which are selling off exceedingly
CHEAP, for Cash. Real Goat's hair CAMBLETS, Super Imitation Do. Common Cam-
blets, at 2/6 the yard; Plaids; Bookings; Flannels; Hosiery; Gloves; Braces; Real
Lion Skin Coatings; Daffils; Sattinets; Tickings; Sheetings; Shirtings; Bleached
and Sea Island Sheetings, and Shirtings, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Just received (of the present year's growth, and first rate quality.)

ONE TON

LIVE GESE FEATHERS.

15 SACKS RUSSIA DO.

10 DO. COMMON DO.

ALL TO BE SOLD VERY CHEAP.

N. B. Ready made TICKS and BEDS filled at short notice. Prompt and par-
ticular attention given to Orders. Buyers will not find it amiss to call before
they purchase.

COPARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

THE copartnership heretofore existing un-
der the firm of WASHBURN & WILLIAMS,
is this day by mutual consent, dissolv-
ed. All persons indebted to said firm are re-
spectfully invited to make immediate pay-
ment; and it is hoped that this friendly no-
tice will save us the trouble of resorting to a
more efficient course in order to collect our
dues. Debts contracted at the store in Dix-
field may be settled with Mr. Williams, and
debts contracted at the Store in Livermore,
with the other partner.

DAVIS WASHBURN,
J. M. WILLIAMS.

October 3, 1827. 8w 171

STOP THIEF!!

TAKEN from the Barn-yard of the sub-
scriber, in Hartford, on the night of the
30th of September last, and supposed to be
stolen, a pair of Stag OXEN, one of which
was of a dark brind, almost black, with a
white face, the other of a lighter color thick
set about, six years old; whoever will secure
the same and return them to the subscriber,
or inform him where they may be found shall
be handsomely rewarded.—These oxen were
attached as the property of one Bezal Soule,
of Hartford, who it is supposed has taken
them. He is about sixty years of age, about
six feet in height, very deaf, and of a shab-
by appearance generally.

CYRUS THOMPSON.
Hartford, October 1, 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford
Bookstore, a new lot of OCTAVO BIBLES
with references—also 12mo and pocket BL-
BLES, in common and ELEGANT binding,
which will be sold at great discount, if called
for immediately.

Norway, Oct. 5.

CLOTH DRESSING,

IMPROVED.

THE subscribers would respectfully in-
form their customers, and the public
generally, that they have in operation a new
and IMPROVED MACHINE, for shearing
Cloth—by which, it may be done in the best
possible manner, and much superior to any
other Machine in this State, (except one of
like kind, there being only two in Maine.)
They therefore, with the greatest confidence,
invite all persons who have cloth to dress, to
call and examine their machine, and cloth
which they have finished, and see for them-
selves, if it does not, on comparison, look su-
perior to any they have before seen. They
are determined to do all in their power to
make their style of work, the permanency
of their colors, and the terms of payment,
such "that none shall go away dissatisfied."

S. & A. MILLETT.

Norway Village, Aug. 14, 1827. 15 163

JUST Published and for sale at the Oxford
Bookstore, AN

APOLOGY

FOR BELIEVING IN

UNIVERSAL RECONCILIATION:

Or an Appeal from the Inferior Court of Big-
otry, Superstition, Ignorance and Unbe-
lief, to the Supreme Court of Prop-
er Candor, Sound Reason, Good
Understanding, and True
Faith. Also, a Key to
the Book of Rev-
elation, with
short Notes on the same.

BY SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

Sept. 27.

Poetry.

[FROM THE MASONIC MIRROR.]
MASONIC ODE.

Let Fancy rear her gorgeous pile,
To please with art the useful eye,
On shadows based—with ruthless hand
Time sweeps it off while hastening by:
By Wisdom planned, our temple rears
Its arch above the lofty spheres!

And Strength his massive pillar leads,
The glorious fabric to sustain,
On which, in wildest rage and strife,
The elements may pour in vain.
Fixed on a rock it stands secure,
And will eternally endure!

Beauty, with chaste and lovely hand,
Adorns the work thus ably done,
Completing with the richest grace
The dwelling of the HOLY ONE:
Her meaneast gem will far outvie
The rarest pearl that wealth can buy!

Thus formed our Temple, let our hearts
Be worthy of a place within,
Ranged round its sacred altars, safe
From the polluting touch of sin;
Bound by the tie of mutual love,
Find peace on earth, and bliss above!

Z.

STANZAS.

Composed during a storm of wind, rain,
thunder and lightning.
The threatening sky in darkness lowers,
The rain descends in flooding showers,
Upon the earth below:

The forked lightning streams along,
The thunder wakes its awful song,
And stormy tempests blow.

The sturdy oak, that firm and fast,
Has stood the tempest's fiercest blast,
A century or more;
Falls like the warrior in the fight,
Overtaken by superior might,
With sounding crash and roar.

'Tis midnight—in the troubled sky
No star I see, no moon descried,
To lend a feeble ray;

A dusky pall enshrouds the earth,
As chaos was, e'er nature's birth,
Except when lightnings play.

The swelling riv'let briskly pours,
The larger stream with torrents roars,
And downward darkly sweeps;
Heav'n seems convulsed, and earth appears
To be inhumed with fallen tears;
'Tis nature's self that weeps.

MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.

July, 1827.

[FROM THE NEW-YORK ATHENÆUM.]
STANZAS.

My life has been a wild romance,
And fairy forms have cross'd my path;
Hope would awhile before me dance,
Then came despair in wildest wrath—
Dash from lips the cup of joy,
And all my dreams of bliss destroy.

What live I for? awhile with me,
The smile of hope hath lit mine eyes;
Which meteor-like, again would flee
Away, and ere my destiny:
Then came the longing for the tomb,
Then came the night of grief and gloom.

Hope's dearest night soon flees away,
For scarcely hath its darkness been,
Till rosy heralds of the day,
In eastern skies again are seen:
Then up mounts hope, both gay and fair,
Away flies gloom, and grief, and care.

But soul-deep love, death sever'd falls,
A withering spell upon the heart;
Once festering there, no hope recalls
Our former joy—nor spell nor art
Can heal the wound—it riots there
In all the madness of despair.

And I have lov'd! yes, so intense,
I deem'd not that, upon this earth,
Heav'n would such happiness dispense
To mortals of our dull clay birth:
A halo, like an angel, shed
A light around my lov'd one's head.

I cherish'd her, and as sincere
As if she had come down from heaven
Not as a tenant of this sphere,
But as a form which God had given
To me, to worship and adore,
Both in this world and evermore.

I deem'd she was more pure and true
Than e'er created thing had been;
Nor once imagined that she knew
An earthly thought, or guilt had seen:
I never deem'd that she could be
A piece of frail mortality.

Alas! she died; and I am left
A wanderer on a blighted shore;
Of every joy I am bereft,
For bliss hath fled for evermore:
I felt—I feel, as all alone,
For peace is dead, and hope is gone.

My fair love dead, my bosom sore,
What have I in this world to prize?
Although before my view appear
Gay forms, with smiling cheeks and eyes:
Yet all their witchery lights on me
Like sunbeams on the lifeless sea.

I how to fate, and not a sigh
My wither'd heart within betrays;
I am a living tomb—where lie
Immured the hopes of former days;
I am a blighted, nameless thing,
Stern, silent, cold, unmurmuring.

I never, like the ingrate, pray
For that calm resting place, the grave;
Nor, like the godless, curse the day
Which heaven to man in goodness gave;
But, patient, wait my scapless lot,
When time will be as it were not.

JULIAN.

A gentleman near Cupar, Angus, received the other day an appalling communication from his correspondent in Edinburgh. The latter, after having written a letter to his friend, in which he states, that "if any thing new happens before the hour of post, I shall not fail to inform you," dropped down in an apoplectic fit, and expired. The clerk who wrote the letter to the dictation of the master, on learning this melancholy catastrophe, added, in a postscript, "Since writing the above, I have died," and the letter was despatched accordingly.—Dundee Advertiser.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow, it some times follows and sometimes precedes him, it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than his natural size.

Biography.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.
HIS LIFE, HABITS, AND MANNERS.
ANECDOTES.

[Communicated for the National Intelligencer.]

The public days of the First President of the United States, were two in each week. On Tuesday, from three to four o'clock, a levee was held for Foreign Ministers, strangers, and others, who could there be presented to the Chief Magistrate, without the formality of letters of introduction.—It was, indeed, more an arrangement of mutual convenience to the parties, than an affair of State; still it was objected to by some, at that time of day, as savoring rather of monarchical etiquette, than the simpler customs which should distinguish a Republic. Who thinks so now? In truth, the First President was so occupied with the multiplicity of public concerns, attendant on the outset of a new Government, that it became necessary to limit the time of visitors of mere ceremony, as much as possible; and the levee enabled all such personages to pay their respects within the moderate compass of an hour. The world is always governed in a considerable degree by form of usage. There never lived a man more averse to show and pomp than Washington. Plain in his habits, there was none to whom the details of official parade and ceremony could be less desirable; but correct in all his varied stations of life, the days of the First Presidency will ever appear as among the most dignified and imposing in our country's annals.

On Thursday the President gave his Congressional and Diplomatic dinners; and on Friday night, Mrs. Washington received company at what was then, and is still, called the Drawing Room.

The President attended Mrs. Washington's evening parties, and paid his compliments to the circle of ladies, with that ease and elegance of manners for which he was remarkable. Among the most polished and well bred gentlemen of his time, he was always particularly polite, to ladies, even in the rugged scenes of war; and, in advanced age, many were the youthful swains who sighed for those gracious smiles with which the Fair always received the attentions of this old beau of sixty-five.

An interesting class of persons were to be found at the side of the Chief, on both his public and private days, who gave a feeling and character to every scene, and threw a charm over very many of the associations of more than thirty years ago. We mean the patriots and heroes of the Revolution. Among the finest recollections of those gone-by days, were the Anniversary of Independence, when the grey haired brethren of the Cincinnati assembled around their illustrious President General, many of them seamed with scars, and all bearing the badge of the most honored Association upon Earth. These venerated forms are now rarely to be seen, and soon will be seen no more; but like Ossian's shadowy heroes, they will appear through the mists of Time, and their heroic lives and actions will inspire the Bards of Liberty, while Liberty exists to bless mankind.

Notwithstanding his great occupation in public affairs, the First President by no means neglected his private concerns. He was in the habit of receiving regular and lengthy reports from the agents of his estates in Virginia, and directed by letter the management of those extensive establishments, with both consummate skill and success. He also inspected the weekly accounts and disbursements of his household in Philadelphia. Indeed, nothing seemed to escape the discerning mind of this wonderful man, "who had a time for all things, and did every thing in its proper time," and in order.

General Washington was a practical economist; while he wished that this style of his living should be fully in character with his exalted station, he was utterly averse to waste or extravagance of any sort. He frequently reprimanded his first steward Francis, (the same at whose hotel in New-York the General in Chief took leave of his brother officers,) for expenditures which appeared to be both unnecessary and extravagant. Francis once purchased a shad fish at an unusual season; it was served up at the President's private table, who remarked that it was very early for such fish to be in the market, and demanded its price; the answer was, three dollars. Washington waved his hand, and ordered: take it away, Sir; it must never be said, that my table sets an example of extravagance. The mortified steward removed the rarity untouched.

The First President took considerable pains, and used frequent stratagems, in endeavoring to avoid the numberless manifestations of attachment and respect which awaited him wherever he went. On his journeys, he charged the courier who would precede to engage accommodations at the Inns, by no means to mention the coming of the President to other than the landlord. These precautions but rarely took effect; and often, when the Chief would suppose that he had stolen a march upon his old companions in arms and fellow-citizens, a horseman would be discovered dashing off at full speed, and soon would be heard

the trumpet of the volunteer cavalry; and the village cannon, roused from its bed of neglect, where it had lain since warlike times, would summon all within reach of its echoes, to haste and bid welcome to the man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Every village and little hamlet poured forth their population to greet the arrival of him whom all delighted to honor. A kind of jubilee attended every where the progress of the Patriot Chief: for even the school children, with the curiosity incident to that age of innocence, would labor hard at the daily lesson, and leave the birch to hang idly on the wall, when to see Gen. Washington was the expected holiday and reward; and many of these children, now the parents of children, while recalling the golden hours of infancy, will dwell with delight on the time when they were presented to the Paternal Chief, and recount how they heard the kindly sounds of his voice; felt the kinder touch of his hand; or climbed his knee, to "share the good man's smile." Pure, happy, and honored recollections! they will descend like traditional lore from generation to generation, venerable to all future time.

In the frequent trials of generalship between the Chief and his ancient comrades in arms—the one seeking to avoid the testimonies of respect & attachment, which the other was equally studious to offer—the late Colonel Proctor, a gallant and distinguished officer of Artillery, was several times out-generalled—the President having reached the Seat of Government privately and unobserved.—This roused the good old Colonel, who declared, "He shall not serve me so again; I'll warrant that my matches will be found lighted next time."

So soon as the first gun would be heard from the upper extremity of Market-street, a venerable citizen was seen to leave his office, and, moving at more than his usual pace, ascend the steps of the presidential. He gave in no name; he required no ceremony of introduction; but, making his way to the family parlor, opened the general gratulation by the first welcome of Robert Morris.

At the ferry of the Susquehanna, lived a veteran worthy of the Revolution—every day, where the President always took quarters on his journeys to and from his seat in Virginia. As the boat touched the shore, punctual to the moment and true to his post, stood Colonel Rodgers, prepared to hand Mrs. Washington to his house. It was his claim, his privilege; like the claims at a Coronation, it had been put in and allowed, and, verily, the veteran would not have yielded it to an emperor.

The late General Charles Scott had a most inveterate habit of swearing: whether in private or public society, on his farm, or the field of battle, every other word was an oath. On the night preceding the battle of Princeton, Scott received an order from the Commander-in-Chief to person to defend a bridge to the last extremity. To the last man, your Excellency, replied Scott; and, forgetting the presence of his Chief, accompanied the words with tremendous oaths. The General, as may be well supposed, had but little time, on that eventful evening, to notice or chide this want of decorum in his brave and well tried soldier.—After the war, a friend of the gilliant General's, anxious to reform his evil habit, asked him, whether it was possible that the man so much beloved, the admired Washington, ever swore? Scott reflected for a moment, and exclaimed, "Yes, once. It was at Monmouth, and on a day that would have made any man swear. Yes, sir, he swore on that day, till the leaves shook on the trees: charming, delightful. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before, or since. Sir, on that ever memorable day he swore like an Angel from Heaven." The reformer abandoned the General in despair.

In the first Presidency, the door of the Presidential gathered but little rust on its hinges, while often was its latch lifted by the "broken soldier." Scarce a day passed that some veteran of the heroic time did not present himself at Headquarters. The most tattered of these types of the days of privation and trial was "kindly bid to stay," was offered refreshment, and a glass of something to their old General's health, and then dismissed with lighter hearts, and heavier pouches.

So passed the many, but not so with one of Edin's sons. It was about the hour of Tuesday's levee, when German John, the porter, opened to an hearty rap, expecting to admit at least a dignitary of the land, or foreign ambassador, when who should march into the hall but an old fellow, whose weather beaten countenance, and well worn apparel, shewed him to be "no carpet knight."

His introduction was short, but to the purpose. He had come to Headquarters to see his honor's excellence, God bless him. He was an old soldier. In vain the porter assured him that it would be impossible to see the President at that time; a great company was momentarily expected—the hall was not a fitting place—would he go to the steward's apartment and get something to drink? To all which Pat replied, that he was in no hurry; that he would wait his honor's leisure; and, taking a chair, composed and made himself comfortable.

And now passed Ministers of State and Foreign Ministers, Senators, Judges, the great and the gay; meanwhile, poor Pat stoutly maintained his post, gazing on the crowd, till the levee having ended, and the President about to retire to his library, he was informed that an obstinate Irishman had taken possession of the hall, and would be satisfied with nothing short of an interview with the President himself. The Chief good-naturedly turned into the hall.—So soon as the veteran saw his old commander, he roared out: "Long life to your honor's excellence; at the same time hurling his hat to the ground, and erecting himself with military precision. 'Your honor will not remember me; though many is the day that I have marched under your orders, and many's the hard knocks I've had, too. I belonged to Wayne's brigade—Mad Anthony, the British called him, and by the powers, he was always mad enough for them."

I was wounded in the battle of Germantown. Hurrah for America—and it does my heart good to see your honor; and how is the dear lady and all the little ones?" Here the usually grave temperament of Washington gave way, as, with a smile he replied, that he was well, as was Mrs. Washington, but they were unfortunate in having no children; then pressing a token into the soldier's hand, he ascended the staircase to his library. The Irishman followed with his eyes the retiring General, then looked again and again upon the token, which he had received from his honor's own hand, pouched it, recovered his hat, which he placed with military exactness a little on one side, then took up his line of march, and as he passed the porter, called out, there now, you Irish fellow, you see that his honor's excellence has not forgotten an old soldier.

These anecdotes, though simple in themselves, possess no common character. They are *Tales of the Days of Washington*, and *Tales of the Heart*. We now proceed to something of a graver sort.

The President was dining, when an officer arrived from the Western Army with despatches, his orders requiring that he should deliver them only to the Commander in Chief. The President retired, but soon reappeared, bearing in his hand an opened letter. No change was perceptible in his countenance, as addressing the company he observed that the army of St. Clair had been surprised by the Indians, and cut to pieces. The company soon after retired. The President repaired to his private parlor, attended by Mr. Lear, his principal Secretary, and a scene ensued of which our pen can give but a feeble description.

The Chief paced the room in hurried strides. In his agony, he struck his clenched hands with fearful force against his forehead, and in a paroxysm of anguish exclaimed: "That brave army, so officered—Butler, Ferguson, Kirkwood—such officers are not to be replaced in a day—that brave army cut to pieces, Oh, God!" Then turning to the Secretary, who stood amazed at a spectacle so unique, as Washington in all his terrors, he continued: "It was here, sir, in this very room, that I conversed with St. Clair, on the eve of his departure for the West. I remarked, I shall not interfere, General, with the orders of General Knox, and the War Department; they are sufficiently comprehensive and judicious; but, as an old soldier, as one whose early life was particularly engaged in Indian warfare, I feel myself competent to counsel: General St. Clair, in three words, beware of surprise; trust not the Indian; leave not your arms for a moment; and, when you halt for the night, be sure to fortify your camp; again and again, General, beware of surprise. And yet that brave army surprised, and cut to pieces, with Butler, and an host of others slain, Oh, God!" Here the struggle ended, as with mighty efforts the hero chained down the rebellious giant of passion, and Washington became "himself again." In a subdued tone of voice he proceeded: "But he shall have justice; yes, long, faithful, and meritorious service have their claims. I repeat—he shall have justice."

Thus concluded a scene as remarkable as rare. It served to display this great man as nature had made him, with passions fierce and impetuous, which like the tornado of the tropics, would burst forth in higher relief, a serene and brilliant sky.

The first interview of the President with St. Clair, after the fatal 4th November, was nobly impressive. The unfortunate General, worn down by age, disease, and the hardships of a frontier campaign, assailed by the press, and with the current of popular opinion setting hard against him, repaired to his Chief, as to a shelter from the fury of so many elements. Washington extended his hand to one who appeared in no new character: for, during the whole of a long life, misfortune seemed "to have marked him for her own." Poor old St. Clair hobbled up to his Chief, seized the offered hand in both of his, and gave vent to his feelings in an audible manner. He was subsequently tried by a commission of Government, and proved to have been unfortunate.

The means by which the Commander in Chief obtained secret intelligence

from the enemy during the War of the Revolution, and more especially from New-York, the focus of Royal domination, was a matter of deep speculation to many even of the General Staff. It would have probably continued to be an affair of surmise only, but for an accident. Soon after the termination of hostilities, Gen. Washington, attended by two or three favorite officers, repaired to the bookstore of —, in New-York, for the avowed purpose of looking at some books. On entering the store, the General asked if the books which he had bespoken were ready.—Will your excellency be pleased to walk into this room, replied —, leading the way, every thing is ready. The door was but imperfectly closed, and the officers distinctly heard in succession the chinking of two heavy purses of gold, as they were placed on a table. The General soon returned, — assuring him that he should be most happy, (as heretofore) at all times, to execute his orders.—The officers became convinced that it was —, the King's official, who had been in the secret service of the Commander in Chief of the American Armies, during nearly the whole of the war of the Revolution.

PROPOSALS.

For Publishing a Monthly Pamphlet Entitled
The Gospel Preacher.

THE Publisher of the CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE AND UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY, as the means of disseminating the principles of Universalism, and of subverting the deleterious effects of the numerous sectarian tracts, with which our land is at present completely inundated, and which he conceives to be only calculated to poison the inquiring mind and to render it the passive, and desponding subject of error, doubt and tormenting fears; proposes publishing by subscription, a monthly pamphlet of 16 pages octavo, entitled

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Aug. 16.

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